THE
Citizens Flight
With their
RE-CALL;
To which is added
ENGLANDS TEARS
AND
ENGLANDS COMFORTS

By JOHN QUARLES.

London, Printed in the Year, 1666.

XUM

THE CITIZENS Flight and Fear, &c.

WHat does the Whale perſue a ſhole of fiſh?
Whether ſo faſt; no ſafety, but in with?
Whether, ah! whether, will ye take your flight?
Gods Arrows fly by day, as well as Night:
No Path's without a Judgment; Do not waſte,
And ſpend your times; bring danger by ye'r haſte:
Stay, ſtay, leſt in your haſty flight ye meet
(Your hearts muſt bring your ſafety, not your Feet)
The thing you flie from; Judgment knows no bound,
And he that lurkes moſt cloſe is ſooneſt found:
Can the poor tim'rous game lie hid, or bauke
The furious Talons of the Quick-ey'd Hauke?
The all-diſcerning eye of Heav'n can ſee
That ill which lurks in moſt obſcuritie;
And he that hides himſelf, does but diſcover
Himſelf, becauſe Gods Judgements alwayes hover

And fly aloof; there is no way to ſhun
The piercing heat of the Meridian Sun:
They muſt expect more Peſtilential times,
That lives in th' Equinoctial of their Crimes;
The Dog-ſtar of our luſts does now excell,
And governs to a perfect Miracle:
What ſhall we ſin, and think our ſins ſhall paſs
Without reward; ſhall we do good, Alas!
(And that we ſeldom do) and not expect
To bring our labour to a good effect:
We cannot act but Heaven will ſure regard
Our actions, and afford us our reward,
Eſpecially if good, 'tis each mans deed
That either heals his wound, or makes it bleed.
The hand of Heaven ſtrikes ſure, and he that flies
To ſave his life, oft in his flying dies;
But if we needs muſt fly, let our flight be
Lord from our too too ſinful ſelves to thee;
If not, we only flutter in the night
Not knowing how, nor where, we take our flight;
We fly to th' *terra incognita*, and there
Our flights rewarded with perpetual care;
But if we to the Land of promiſe fly
We enjoy the bleſſing of a ſerene Skey:
There's, there's the place, where neither cold nor heat
Are in extreams, all things are good, and great;
No diminutions, but compleated Fate
Is ſtill ſupported in a conſtant State.
My Muſe is grown melodious and it ſings (wings;
We need not fear our flight when Heaven gives
Angelick plumes can neither flag nor tire
No air ſo pow'rful as a good deſire;

A good desire is like a Chymick heat
Constant and fervent, not too small, nor great;
For if it be not constant, it retards
Putrefaction; and he's happy that regards
The end of his beginning; he that begins
In Mercy, is to blame to end in Sins:
He sins indeed that sins against the light
Of his own knowledge, let perpetual might
Be still intayl'd on him that will not say
He knows a difference betwixt night and day;
Yet sin and ignorance makes all things dark,
Light though contain'd in the smallest spark
Is light enough to let our darkness know
There is a God, whose goodness did bestow
These lights upon us; a dark Lanthorn may
Be light to others, yet to me 'tis day:
Though heaven himself did oftentimes appear
And speak in Clouds, yet was his language clear;
Though he appear'd in fire, he checkt the flame,
The bush was unconsum'd; though *Moses* came
To see his face; yet he was glad at heart
To know his fore-side, by his hinder part;
I'm sure oh Lord thou hast no other face
But what I want; and what is that? 'tis grace
Lord I am satisfy'd, and I will be
Content to feel the thing I cannot see,
And let my last experience make it good,
Thy hand is seal'd with my Redeemers blood;
I hope the Bond's uncancel'd; if it be
Lord thou art paid, I hope, and I am free;
I mean from my Original; but Lord
I must confess, I've lately past my word,

And I have broke my promiſe, Lord the Gaol
Muſt be my refuge, for I have no Bail
Except thy Mercy, which I have ſo oft
Abuſed, Lord, and at thy Judgements ſcoft;
That ſhould I now preſume to make a tryal,
I juſtly might expect thy juſt denial:
Yet why ſhouldſt thou deny me? had the Thief
His pardon, and ſhall I have no relief?
Lord, pardon this my raſhneſs, how dare I
Expoſtulate with thee; or ask a why
My lips are ſealed, yet oh Lord, I dare?
Give me but Grace, to open them by Prayer;
As thou haſt given Prayer for my heart,
So give my heart for prayer; let me not part
Till I am anſwer'd; nay, I will (if prayer)
Has any power, extenuate my care,
On purpoſe to enlarge it; I will be
An Orator, till thy Divinitie
Shall melt, as Clouds drop fruitful ſhowers of Rain,
And make me only fit to beg again:
All other Judgments wiſpers, this cries loud;
Let's Judge the tempeſt, by th' approching cloud;
Oh how unhappy is that purblind Land
That takes the little Finger for the Hand?
Judgment will make us tremble by degrees,
Reader, remember great *Belſhazars* knees;
Needs muſt that woful Nation be acurſt,
(Suſpect Religion) when Divines flie firſt;
They have forgot what was the *Iſraelites* hap,
When powerful *Moſes* ſentenell'd the gap:
Will *Moſes* fly from *Aaron*, oh hard-heart!
'Tis a bad ſign when loving Brothers part.

How

How ſhall poor hungry Infants get their bread
When their hard-hearted Nurſes all are fled;
Oh cruel tyranny! what can be worſe,
When the poor Infant's murther'd by the Nurſe?
Hard-hearted Nurſe; that can be ſo unkind,
To fly away and leave her Babe behinde;
Fly Nurſes, fly, to any ſecret place,
But be ſo kind to leave the Babe of grace;
I mean, your Charities; and then we ſhall
By our Diſeaſes thrive, when you will fall,
By your diſpair; endeavour to be true,
Then praiſe your God with ſoul and body too;
For he that made them both, hath the ſame power
To ſave them both from an unhappy hour;
Be careful, and amidſt your cares be juſt,
There is no greater ſin then ſad diſtruſt:
Diſtruſt invites a Plague, when humble zeal,
Can palliate by degrees th' infected weal.
Prayers, Sighs, and Tears, being well compoſed, can
Cure all diſtempers incident to man.
If this be then our Cure, let hearts and eyes
Agree together; let our ſtorms ariſe
And never ceaſe untill they've ſpent their ſhowers,
When we have ſpent our ſtore, Heaven ſhows his powers:
Our end is his beginning, let us end
Our ſins, and he will ſoon begin to ſend
His Mercy to compleate a happy ſtory,
For bleſt beginnings alwaies end in glory;
Prayer is an Introduction to our bliſs
And makes th' offender, and the offended kiſs,
Not kiſs, and part; but kiſs and ſo conjoyne,
And turn our tears of Water into Wine.

Wine

Wine Sacramental, mercy makes it ſweet
Oh! happy time when ſin and mercy meet;
Meet, not to ſtay together; but to part,
For both cannot be welcome to one heart.
Have I not ſeen a flock of Birds, whoſe flight
Has bin occaſion'd by a ſudden fright;
Fly up and down and clamoring in the Air
Expreſſed their ſudden fright and preſent care?
Nay I have known ſuch fear has been among
Thoſe clam'rous Birds, that they have left their young:
Why does the City thus perſue the Court?
Knowing, ah laſs! this is no age for ſport,
For Gaming's out of faſhion in theſe times;
Yet we may ſtake, and pray away our Crimes;
The looſer's only happy, for he wins
That looſes, by Divinity, his ſins:
But ſtay (Kind Reader) let's a little pauſe,
And ſee if we can finde, where lies the Cauſe;
What think'ſt thou of a ſinful heart that lies
Groaning beneath his griping miſeries?
What think'ſt thou of a ſin-infected breſt
That is by nothing but it ſelf oppreſt?
What think'ſt thou of a Nation whoſe ſad crimes
Hath ſo infected our perplexed times
That tis impoſſible by humane skill
To give a Remedy to ſo much ill?
Call all thy faculties, and let them joyn
Themſelves together, and by faith combine;
Let's ſearch each cranny of our ſinful hearts,
And let us weep as we have ſung, in parts;
Lets weep untill our tears do over-flow
Our ſorrow; let us ſigh untill we know

What

What 'tis to barter happineſs for grief,
'Tis only Faith can Crown us with relief.
Now courteous Reader, give me leave to make
A ſmall digreſſion: Know tis for thy ſake
That I endeavour by a faithful art
To give a Cordial to each bleeding heart:
When once tis known where the diſtempers lie
We may the ſooner hope for remedie;
That Patient much in underſtanding fails
That will not tell his Doctor what he ayls;
Oh! who would not his thankful patient be
Where Phyſick and adviſe are both ſo free?
His Phyſick hath ſuch operative power
That it gives eaſe in leſs then half an hour;
Oh depth of mercy! oh unbounded skill!
Oh rare preſcription of a ſacred will!
Then do not fly, but let your hopes encreaſe,
Repent, and then he ſurely will ſpeak peace;
Till then tis but in vain to move, or fly;
Oh! look upon him with a watchful eye,
Then ſhalt thou ſee how ſoon he will impart
His heavenly joyes to a contriſted heart;
Remember he is not a God of blood,
But takes delight to do a ſinner good:
Remember thoſe bleſt Tears which once he ſhed
Over *Jeruſalem*; and how he ſpred
His mercy over *Iſrael*, and pours
His goodneſs on our heads in liberal ſhowers;
He is a God whoſe mercy knows no bounds;
His balm of grace being pour'd into our wounds
Does ſo compleat our Cure, and eaſe our pain,
That the Diſeaſe will ne'r return again;

And being from our malladies set free;
The gold of prayer is all the Doctors Fee:
The Scriptures are our guide, 'tis that which tells
Where this most kind and blest Physician dwells;
Faith, *Hope* and *Charity*, those sacred three
Are his House-keepers, and *Humilitie*,
His lodging Chamber, and the faithful *Brest*
The Kitchin where his Diet must be drest:
Oh Lord! we know thy Table's alwayes spred,
Oh give us faith, that we may eat thy bread;
And since thy goodness thou hast thus exprest,
'Tis no presumption, Lord, to be thy guest;
Thou freely doest invite, and shall not we
Answer thy invitation and be free
To make our near approches; Lord enable
Our hearts, that we may come unto thy table;
And then, O Lord! thy table being spred,
Bless us with grace and we will eat thy bread;
We'l eat thy heavenly *Manna* without strife,
And feed our souls to everlasting life;
We'l praise thy name for what thy goodness sent,
As we have sinn'd we'l labour to repent,
That so thou may'st commis'rate and remove
Thy Judgments, and then Crown us with thy Love;
Then shall our thankful hearts proclaim and tell
What thou hast done for thine own *Israel*;
Then shall our joyful lips proclaim a peace,
Whilst grace and mercy ever more encrease;
And let us know when Judgment comes so near,
That ruine or repentance must appear;
Delayes are dangerous; let's therefore pray
And call upon him *whilst 'tis yet to day*,

That

That so our timely sorrows may remove
His heavy Judgments, and intreat his love
Once more to shine upon us, that we may
Injoy the comfort of a glorious day:
Oh let's consider we have long bin free,
But still ungrateful for our libertie;
Oh let us think how long we have bin fed,
Yet seldom prais'd that hand which gave us bread;
Oh let's remember how forgetful we
Have bin, and how abus'd prosperitie;
Oh let's consider how Religion stood
Not long since more then Ankle deep in blood;
Let's call to memory, when our hearts decay'd,
How Heaven reviv'd us and encreast our Trade;
What store of mercy have we to perswade us
To bless that hand that both preserves and made us?
For should we own his mercies with neglect
We may injustice every day expect
New punishments, who studies to offend
Must not expect a peace or happy end!
Oh let us not against our maker Kick;
'Tis too much honey that hath made us sick;
How wanton have we bin in former times?
And still make idols of our bosome Crimes;
Thus we, persisting in our Follies, dare
Just Heav'n to strike, whose goodness does forbear,
Whilst we ev'n hug our ruine, and invite
Judgement to make an everlasting night.
But if Poetick Lines have any power
Let me perswade my Reader from this hour
To be considerate, And thus begin
To ruminate: Alas! it is my sin

Hath caus'd these Judgments; Therefore i'st not fit
That I who did industreously commit
So many Crimes, should by my fervent prayer
Endeavour to extenuate my care?
There is a balm in *Giliad* can make sound,
And Cure the anguish of the deepest wound;
The Heav'nly *Chiron* hath so great a store,
That he can find a Salve for every sore;
He that hath promis'd will in mercy please
To give unto the *heavy Laden ease*;
We may be confident, and boldly trust
In him that is both merciful and just:
How happy is our flight, as oft as we
Fly from our selves, oh Lord, and fly to thee;
Nor do we ever with Devotion pray,
But thou dost meet our language half the way;
And when our zeal does once begin to burn
Then doest thou bless us with a quick return;
Then why should we distrust so good a God
That alwayes shakes (before he strikes) his Rod?
Thy mercy keeps us in the darkest night,
Nor dost thou in a sinners Death delight;
Oh let thy goodness spare us, for thine ire
We know full well is all-consuming fire;
It is thy mercy (Lord) must make us blest,
Alas, we are but stubble at the best;
O turn us (Lord) or else we cannot turn;
For as we are, w'are only fit to burn,
And if we needs must burn, oh Lord, reveal
Thy self unto us till we flame in zeal;
Such holy flames (oh Lord) will so aspire,
That thou wilt take a pleasure in our fire;

A zealous flame gives a moſt glorious light;
A Chriſtian like a Glow-worm, ſhines at night;
I care not Lord how dark I ſeem to be
Unto the world, if I am light in thee;
Oh let him grope in everlaſting night
That will not own thee for the chiefeſt Light;
Be thou oh Lord, my Light, my Guide, my Way,
Then ſhall I never err, nor go aſtray;
He need not fear in ſlippery wayes to ſlide
That is ſupported by ſo bleſt a Guide;
A guide, whoſe goodneſs can as well direct
In power, as he in mercy can protect;
Be pleas'd oh Lord, to bring my feeble ſight
From my *Cæmerian* darkneſs to thy light;
Oh give me light enough to let me ſee
My horrid darkneſs, let my object be
Thy mercies; then ſhall my eclipſed eyes
Have light enough to ſee my miſeries,
Lord let me ſee my ſins, for ſin and I
Even like the Bas'lisk, firſt diſcover'd, die;
Then may I ſing with a moſt heav'nly mirth,
The death of ſin gives Righteouſneſs a birth;
The death of ſin does period all our ſtrife,
The life of ſin is but a dying life.

Thus ſubtle death lies lurking in our ſins
To catch us (when we ſtruggle) in his gins,
But they that will avoid his crafty ſnare
Muſt firſt diſcover it by faith, and prayer;
And when diſcovered, it may well be ſaid
The crafty traytor is himſelf betray'd;
Although he exerciſe his power ſo faſt
Yet he himſelf ſhall be deſtroy'd at laſt,

Whilſt

Whilſt we (then glorify'd) ſhall ſit and ſing
Death where's thy power, oh Grave where is thy ſting?
Then why ſhould we (fond mortals) fear or dread
The thing that cannot hurt us, if we ſpread
Our arms to Heav'n; he'l take us by the hand
And ſafely lead us to the promis'd Land;
Then ſhall we have no cauſe to fear or doubt;
We that come weeping in, go ſmiling out;
Happy are we, if we the truth imbrace,
Though we were born in ſin, we die in grace;
The Midwives hand even dragg'd us to our Birth
Whilſt we poor lumps of ſenſeleſs, living Earth
Lie crying in her lap; but know not why
Yet every tear is then a propheſie;
The tender Infant does no ſooner break
The priſon of the Womb, but ſeems to ſpeak
To this effect. Behold, ſee I am come
Naked and ſhiftleſs from my Mothers womb:
What ſhall I do, I have nor feet, nor hands
But what are uſeleſs, griping ſorrow ſtands
Ready to ſnatch me from my Mothers breſt,
Not ſuffering me to take a minutes reſt.
Is this the world that fondlings dote upon?
Oh that I had but power to be gone!
I quickly would find out a place ſhould be
Exempt from all encroaching miſery;
This is no place of reſt, I may deplore
My ſelf, ah laſs! I never cry'd before;
What, was I born to cry? ſtrange kind of Birth,
Hard fate indeed, all Sorrow, and no Mirth!
Could I have kept my fleſhly Cloyſter ſtill
I never than had known th' effects of ill;

But

But since my Birth hath brought me to distress
My patience and my prayers shall make it less;
But stay, alas, my Birth is not the cause
Of my sad sorrows, but the breach of Laws;
'Tis that, 'tis that which wounds me to the heart
'Tis I that sinn'd, 'tis only I must smart
'Tis only I; 'tis I, that must prepare
To bear the burthen of mine own made care.
Who yelds to sin except he does repent
As well must yield unto the punishment;
If we do well, we then expect reward
But if we sin; we sin without regard:
How dis-ingenious are we in our wills
To goodness, how ingenious in our ills?
These are the things for vvhich our guilty Land
Is now afflicted, and convicted stand;
'Tis but in vain to plead except it be
To mercy; for our quick deliverie,
We're our own *Goalers*, yet we have not power
To give our selves the freedom of an hour;
Our turn-key sins does lock us up so fast
We cannot stir, we must contrive to cast
Away our crimes; and then we must prepare
By heav'nly art to pick the lock by prayer;
This is the way to freedom: Now I find
My own mistake, free mercy is so kind
That neither lock, nor door, nor bar can be
Infringers of a Converts liberty;
A sigh will melt the doors and break the lock;
Nothing opposes, when by Faith we knock;
And if the Hammer of our zeal be strong
We shall not need to give attendance long;

Knock;

Knock, and it ſhall be open'd; ſeek and find,
There's nothing hard unto a willing mind,
Run, and ye ſhall obtain, Lord give us grace
That in our running we may mend our pace;
Oh let thy mercy with our ſorrows meet
And then we ſhall have wings as well as feet;
And then we ſhall be ſure to run the race
Of mercy, and to take our flight in grace;
For when in flight, or running, we ſhall ſpend
Our zealous ſtrength, oh Lord be thou the End.

The RE-CALL.

STrange times my Maſters, what unuſual ſight
Hath terrify'd you to this ſudden flight?
Still full of jealouſies and fears, no hope
Of a re-ſettlement; ah give not ſcope
Too much to your own fancies, but incline
To bend your hearts to what is more Divine:
But ſtay, perhaps ye'ave lately had a ſight
Of your own ſins, and that has caus'd this flight;
Then fly untill your eyes of faith have found
The Grand Phyſician that muſt make you ſound;
Fly, till your wings are tyr'd, fly night and day,
Mount in your flight, and in your flying, pray;
Pray till the fervent heat of true bred zeal
Shall melt your wings, your melting will reveal
Your penitency, and Repentance brings
A good Embaſſage from the King of Kings

Faith

Faith is the ſouls Embaſſador, and prayer
The Embaſie; the Hoſts of heav'n prepare
His entertainment, Sun, and Moon, and Stars
Are the ſwift Laquies that fore-run his Wars;
Thus whilſt in hoſtile manner he appears,
Judgment beats up the Drum for Volunteers:
What ſhall we do (dear Country-men) our crimes
Are ſo out-ragious, that the vvorſt of times
Is our expectance; let's contrive, and think
What's beſt to do, for we are at the brink
Of ſpeedy ruine, and our ſenſeleſs Land
Is cruſh'd in pieces by an Iron hand,
An Iron hand of Juſtice, and 'tis vain
T'oppoſe, except by faith; nay we ſhall gain
More blows by oppoſition than (I'm ſure)
'Tis poſſible for nature to endure.
For what is nature in her greateſt povver
But vveakneſs, and that vveakneſs every hour
Subject to ſad mutations, humane skill
Like *Joſiah's* Sun, goes backvvard, or ſtands ſtill;
Alas, vve are like Bull-ruſhes, inclin'd
To ſhake vvith every feeble blaſt of vvind,
We have no permanency, every minit
Brings a moſt ſudden alteration in it;
For vvhat is man if rightly underſtood,
But a poor fabrick, cemented vvith blood,
Daub'd o're vvith fleſh, vvhich one poor ſhovver of rain
Waſhes avvay; thus momentary, vain
Is ſilly man, a perfect Coin of ſorrovv,
Receiv'd to day, and paid avvay to morrovv;
Although at firſt he vvas a noble Coine,
Stampt vvith that image vvhich vvas all Divine,

Yet by his own endeavours he defac'd
Himself, and by his fall so much disgrac'd
His frail and weak posterity, that time
Can not obliterate so foul a Crime,
Till mercy, when observing the persute
Of vengeance, brings us a most blest recruit,
Which on a sudden turn'd the scale, and then
From *miserable*, we grew *happy men*;
Happy in our Redeemer who thought good
By shedding his, to stop our guilty blood,
He by his sufferings did our woes obtrude;
If this be mercy, where's our gratitude?
Nor is his goodness tyr'd, he still remains
Our Mediator; for our former staines
Are so apparent, that the best of art
Cannot give ease to a tormented heart;
And if our sins do more and more abound,
Judgment at last will be with vengeance Crown'd;
What shall we do? what art, what skilful hand
Can give a prescript to a sinful Land?
To whom shall we address our selves? our skills
Are made imperfect by our stubborn wills;
Our wills are so antartick to what's good,
That we are lost except we make a flood,
A swelling flood, with water from our eyes,
That we may float above our miseries;
There is an Ark of safety to be found
Which we must either fly unto, or drownd;
Let's make a flood with our repentant tears,
That *Noahs* Ark may save us from our fears;
There let us rest until our Dove appear
And bring us tydings that the Land is clear?

We

We may lament and wofully bewail
Our miseries; oh let's not tire, and fail
In our repentance, but to ease out grief
(In multitudes of mercy lies relief)
Let's fly to heav'n upon the wings of zeal,
And in an humble manner there reveal
The sorrows of our hearts; when we begin
To swim in sorrow, we shall sink from sin:
Oh let the language of a hearty Verse,
Beloved Country-men, take root, and pierce
Your stubborn hearts, I write not out of Pride
But out of zeal; I swell not with the tide
Of a Vain-glorious scribler, but desire
By zeal-hot Verse to set your hearts on fire:
But you may say, and what you say, is true,
That your Advisor is as bad as you:
I do confess it with unfained lips;
But what's the Sun the worse for his eclipse?
The heav'nly luminaries suffer pain
By their ecclipses, yet do shine again;
Never could any day be yet so proud
To say it was not darken'd by some Cloud;
And shall proud mortals dare presume to crave
A priv'ledge to go dancing to their Grave;
Would they find heav'n on earth? no, heav'n is higher
Though seen seated in a low desire;
Is not heav'n humble, when tis often found
So zealously inclin'd to kiss the Ground?
Does not his heav'nly influences make
The grass to spring for the poor Creatures sake?
Prayer is Angelick food, shall mortals be
Hard-hearted, and so starve that Hirarchie?

No, let our zealous Charities abound,
And then our labours shall be freely Crown'd
With everlasting glory, and our peace
Never be waining, but shall still encrease,
Encrease, with so much plenty, that the earth
Shall groan in labour with a swelling birth,
Whilst satisfied mortals all shall sing
Anthems of peace to their mellifluous King;
And all, this all, is but the least of all,
It is a blest Eternity that shall
Crown us at last with everlasting bliss;
Now tell me Reader what thou think'st of this,
Tell me what think'st thou, would'st thou not be quiet
And well content, to have such lasting diet?
Nay, when th'ast eat thy fill, it shall be said
Th'art freely welcome, and thy reck'ning paid;
Be not so much a Clown after all this cost
To go away, and not say, Thank thee Host;
Observe the thirsty fowls that never sup
His plenty, but they gratefully look up;
Observe the very beasts how oft they gaze
Up to the Heav'ns, and lowing, give him praise;
Observe each creature in his several kind,
As if by Nature they were all inclin'd
To give him thanks, do in a several tone
As tw're express their gratitude, and own
His liberality; whilst thankless men
Looks down-ward on the earth, and now, and then
Sends forth a sigh or two, which often fly
Rather from nature than Divinity;
Then how can we expect that daily burn
In our own flames, *Astrea* will return?

How

How can we hope that heav'n will Crown our dayes
With happineſs, except we give him praiſe?
Shall we live ſtill in darkneſs, when we may
Injoy the bleſſing of a glorious day?
Shall we be ſtill contriving how to be
The ſole infringers of our libertie?
Poor ſilly mortals! how do we contrive
As 'twere to bury our own ſelves a live?
How ſenſleſs are we, that we neither look
Abroad, nor home, but like a Land forſook,
We fall into diſpair, nor do we make
Our moans to heav'n or hardly pity take
Upon our ſelves; ſo ſtupid are vve grovvn,
That vve are like a City turn'd to ſtone;
Our zeal is loſt; our Charity is fled,
Our health is vaniſh'd, and our faith is dead;
Our love is turn'd to envy, and our praiſe
To chattering Nonſenſe, and our ſpreading Bayes
To heaps of Nettles; thus, thus have vve loſt
Our former happineſs, and heaven his coſt;
Thus, thus, moſt obſtinately all have run
Againſt the rocks, and vvilfully undone
Our ſtubborn ſelves; vvhat hopes can vve derive
From our imperious ſins, that vve ſhall thrive
In grace, that ſpreading mercy may incline
To do us good, and take us from the brine
Of our ovvn Crimes; oh grievous is his end,
That lives, and ſadly dies, vvithout a Friend;
Oh ſea of ſorrovvs! oh tumultuous care!
What ſhall vve do, to vvhom ſhall vve repair?
We run from place to place, and are unkind,
Never regarding thoſe vve leave behind;

Should heav'n deal so by us, what were we then
But as w'areworst of sinners, worst of men;
What can we call our own? all things were sent
In mercy; and in grace they must be spent,
Oh grief to speak it! was there ever known
A fitter oppertunity to own
And use his blessings? know what is not us'd
In times of Charity is but abus'd;
'Tis like the *Israelites Manna* if not spent
It will corrupt, and he that freely lent
Expects a free return; the poor mans hand
Is his Exchequer; do not doubtful stand
But pay in freely; and ye shall be blest
With more then double, double interest;
And then your praise shall be recorded thus,
That *Dives* now's turn'd good to *Lazarus*:
Then shall the poor mans prayers and widdows eyes
Prevail, and keep you from those miseries
Which may ensue; oh let not the advice
Of a poor sinner turn your hearts to ice;
But rather melt your souls into a flood
Of Love; remember whose most precious blood
Stream'd freely forth on purpose to relieve
The poor; it was their sorrows made him grieve;
It was his grief that made our sorrows cease,
It was his bloody war procur'd our peace;
It was his glory made our darkness shine,
It was his Vinegar that prov'd our Wine;
It was his stripes that made us truly sound;
It was the Balsome of his bleeding wound,
That eas'd our pain; oh here! oh here's the Cure!
But where's the thanks? 'twas he that did endure

But

But vve that ſinn'd ; oh love exceeding meaſure,
His pain vvas the fore-runner of our pleaſure ;
His ſtripes has made us whole, what need we more
But thankes ? accept it Lord, 'tis all our ſtore ;
'Tis a thin gratitude, thou art Divine,
Oh therefore turn our water into Wine ;
And when dear Lord thy mercy is about
Such works of wonders, turn our inſides out ;
Oh heal our Leproſie of ſin, and then
We'l boaſt that we are more then perfect men ;
Thou that canſt Cure the blind, the deaf, the lame,
In healing us wilt get a double fame ;
For we are more then deaf, or lame, or blind,
Therefore (oh Lord) be unto us more kind ,
For we have cripple conſciences ; each heart
Of ours is dead ; oh raiſe them by thy art ;
And let our eyes make ſuch a ſea of tears,
That we may walk upon it without fears ;
And when thy judgment brings us to the brink,
Oh let's remember *Peter* did not ſink ;
And when thy Cock of mercy, Lord, ſhall Crow
Let's turn about and weep away our woe,
And let's remember but the Cripples touch
And then oh Lord we'l throw away our Crutch ;
Oh let's remember but the blind mans ſight,
And we ſhall come from darkneſs into light ;
Oh let's prepare our hearts and then vve may
Inſtead of running from thy Judgments ſtay ;
And ſtaying may moſt happily imbrace
The vvelcome glory of thy ſpreading grace,
That ſo our faculties may all combine,
To give thee praiſe that makes our viſage ſhine ;

Then

Then shall we live in a most prosperous peace
Our Corn, and Oil, shall ever more encrease;
Want, then shall be a stranger, to our Land,
And lib'ral mercy take off Judgments brand;
Then every one with freedom shall encline
T' injoy the fruitful Fig-tree and the Vine:
Thus mercy shall appear unto our Land,
And lead in welcome blessings by the hand:
Then shall our joyes encrease as 'twas of old
The Wolf and Lamb shall Cabbin in one fold;
Religion shall increase and bless our dayes
With sound Divinity; immortal praise
Shall fly to him whose mercy was so free
To own us in our great extremity:
Judge Reader, judge with what a pleasing eye,
The patient looks to see his Doctor by;
The Gally slave that tuggs the painful Oare
Rejoyceth when he seeth a pleasant shoare;
And shall not we that wander in our crimes
Rejoyce to see illuminated times;
And let us (say whose lives are but a span)
With double admiration, What is man!
Lord what is man that thou art so inclin'd
To have him seated alwayes in thy mind?
And shall we not return our thanks with prayer
That alwayes makes our miseries, his care;
Shall we whose sins do more and more increase
Deny, if we repent, a proffer'd peace?
Shall we that have a long time been at warrs
Deny to put a period to our jarrs?
Shall we whose sad calamities increase
Deny to say thrice welcome, welcome Peace?

And ſhall not we (incompas'd with a throng
Of mercies) let *Hoſanna* be our ſong?
Shall we be ſilent, and contented be
To eat the fruit, and not applaud the Tree?
Oh let not ſuch ingratitude be laid
Unto our charge; oh let it not be ſaid,
That we in times of mercy can be mute,
And kill the tree that gives us pleaſant fruit;
Oh let us not, like ſucking Children, bite
Our Nurſes Nipple, let us not delight
In youthful vanities; oh let's not cry
Becauſe w'are fed, let not our delug'd eye
Find quiet reſt untill our ſins appear
Minute, like Atoms, in a day that's clear;
Oh let us, whilſt it is to day, repent,
And underſtand that Judgments oft are ſent
In tender mercy, zealous *David* found
Himſelf a King indeed when he was Crown'd
With his affliction; Patience is a Jemm;
Saul ſeeking Aſſes, found a Diadem;
Whilſt others, oh I pity them! Ah laſs,
Looking for Diadems do find an Aſs;
Our ancient Records tell us plainly how
An Aſs ſpoke once, w'ave many do ſo now;
By which we fully may perceive, what then
Were Miracles, are common now, to men.

Englands Tears.

STay paſſenger, and let thine eyes
Survey my ample miſeries;

Stay, and give ear unto my ſtory,
How I loſt my former glory;
The mask of Judgment now does ſhroud
My viſage with a ſin-black cloud:
Sin hath got the upper hand,
And Judgment ruleth in my Land;
My raging ſorrowes much encreaſe
And I have loſt my wonted peace,
Nor do I know which way to bend
My courſe; or find a conſtant friend
I am infected from my Crown
Even to my ſole, the angry frown
Of Heaven perſues me; and torments
My heart with ſullen diſcontents:
My Soule is ſick, my Spirits fail
And I am, to my ſelf, a Goal;
Impriſon'd in my ſins I lye
For want of good ſecurity.
He that was wont to ſet me free
Infringes now my libertie,
Oh rathneſs! how am I miſtaken,
'Tis he indeed was firſt forſaken
That now forſakes; oh 'tis but juſt
To blow away preſumptious duſt;
Duſt, ſo audacious, that it flys
Into the heedleſs makers eyes;
And to reward ſo great a Vice
He turns preſumptuous duſt, to Lice,
Oh tell me, tell me, what is worſe
Then *Egypts* ſin, and *Egypts* curſe?
He whoſe mercy could not win,
Now juſtly ſcourges us for ſin;

If ſin will needs preſume to rain
It muſt be crown'd with grief and pain;
Nor is it fit a King ſhould be
Without attendants: Miſerie
Is ſins Life-guard, there's no relief
Except it be ſucceſſive grief;
When Judgment ſounds a charge, what arms
Can ſave us from thoſe fierce alarms?
There is no running, Horſe, and Foot
Muſt be prepared to ſtand to't;
And when he ſees his foes decline,
He gives the word; *Vengeance is mine*:
What weakneſs is it then to boaſt
Our ſelves againſt the Lord of Hoſt;
I'ſt not a madneſs then to be
Souldiers without Artillerie?
For if our Ammunition fail,
We are quite routed and turn tail;
Nay, here lies the greateſt ſpight,
W'are moſt in danger, when in flight,
And ſo we ſhall both ſee and feel
Judgment can wound us in the heel;
But if we will avoid a Rout
We then muſt wiſely face about,
And ſo we may by mild degrees
Conquer Heaven upon our knees;
The Gun-ſhot of our hearty prayers,
Will make the Bull-works melt like tears:
We ſhall be Maſters of the field
When true repentance make him yield;
Oh that plunder muſt be good
That is obtain'd with tears, not blood;

Wil't not be a happy chance
To take and keep his Ordinance;
Oh 'twill be good to fortifie
The Caſtles of our hearts, and try
The power of Sathan, who will run
If he but ſees a Heavenly Gun;
Though he loves fire, he proclaims
How much he hates thoſe heavenly flames;
The way t'void ſo bold a gueſt
Is to keep flames within our breſt,
And then we need not fear nor fly;
We may be wounded, but not die;
Nay, every wound we have ſhall be
Th' aſſurance of our Victory:
And if we chance to bleed, oh then
Let's dreſs our wounds, and to't again,
Let's neither face, nor wheel about,
Untill we give a perfect rout;
Then, then, we ſhall be ſure to lie
Guarded with ſecurity.

He prayed and the Plague ceaſed.

PRayer and the Plague are two moſt pow'rful things,
Being both derived from the King of Kings;
The Plague is ſent to puniſh us, but prayer
Extenuates our grief; and crowns our care
With quick deliverance; for he that ſent
His Plague, muſt give us mercy to repent:
He heal'd thoſe waters which in former times
Receiv'd infection from the peoples Crimes;

Prayer

Prayer is that Balm of *Gilead* which makes ſound
A heart that bleeds it ſelf into a wound,
A wounded heart heav'n never can deſpiſe,
Wounds are beſt cleans'd with waters from our eyes;
Heark Reader, heark, what now my Muſe reſounds
We may want ſtreams, but never ſhall want wounds;
Heaven bottles up our tears; let us deny
Our ſelves, and then thoſe bottles needs muſt fly;
Fly till th'ave made more then *Ducalians* flood
(Who ſwims in mercy, cannot drownd in blood)
Let's but remember the reward of Vice,
The very duſt being turned into Lice;
The croking Plague of Frogs may make us know,
No ſin can be exempted from a woe:
And ſince we have out-ſinn'd that former age
We well may now expect a double rage;
Since multiplyed crimes ſo much encreaſe,
'Tis Errour not to bid adue to Peace.
'Tis fit oh Lord that we ſhould know that Air
Which is infected muſt be clear'd by prayer,
If not, we muſt expect moſt fatal times;
For Judgments are ſtill incident to crimes,
If we tranſgreſs, Lord, can we think that thou
Canſt look upon us with a candid brow;
Needs muſt we think our ſorrow will encreaſe,
When we unto our ſelves will ſpeak no peace.
Oh Lord, how more then deſp'rate fools are we
That by our ſins make open vvar vvith thee,
What's our Artillery vvorth? our beſt defence
Muſt be thy grace, and our ovvn innocence;
Oh give us grace, (ſince ſorrovv makes us flee,)
To flutter from our ſelves, and reſt in thee;

But thou art angry, Lord, how ſhall we dare
To come to thee that haſt no cauſe to ſpare
Such obſtinate offenders: Lord, how oft
Have we abus'd thy mercies; nay, and ſcoft
At petty judgments; they that will not own
The leſt of mercies, muſt reſolve to groan
Under the greateſt Judgment, when our ſins
Has made us ripe, thy Judgment then begins
To ſhake the tree; which makes us rudely fall
And bruiſe each other to our Funeral.
But, Lord, if we can make it but our care
Firſt to repent, it will be thine, to ſpare.
Oh Lord, we muſt ſubmit unto thy powers,
Mercy is thy delight, and ſin, is ours;
What ſhall we ſay, or do? all we can ſay
Is this; *we've ſinned*, and we have no way
To ſhun thy Judgment; therefore vve muſt flee
Firſt from our ſelves (oh Lord) and then to thee;
But what are vve the better if vve fly
From our ovvn ſelves unto an angry eye,
An eye that's ſo conſuming, that one frovvn
Has more than povver enough to caſt us dovvn;
Nay, caſt us dovvn ſo lovv, that vve muſt be
In deſperation of recovery:
But if vve pray to heaven, his hand has povver
To raiſe us in one minit of an hour;
And ſhall not then his glorious name be prais'd,
Oh let us think hovv *Lazarus* vvas rais'd:
Novv Reader, give me liberty to make
A ſmall digreſſion; my ovvn ſelf muſt take
My ſelf in hand, and to the vvorld expreſs
My thanks to him vvho in deſpight of ill
Preſerv'd me (as I hope) to do his vvill:

'Tvvas

'Twas ſo that fortune lately brought me dovvn
So lovv that I vvas ſunk, ready to drovvn;
But by a povverful arm he thought it good
In mercy, to preſerve me from the flood:
And ſhall I then deſpair? no, let my Friends
Still gaze upon me, *Job* had no bad ends;
Though ſome raſh words, Lord, let my ſorrows be
Upon me, till in Faith I turn to thee;
Oh turn me, for indeed I am ſo weak
I cannot turn my ſelf, nor can I ſpeak
Till thou unty'ſt my tongue; which if by thee
Unty'd, my language ſhall be truly free:
The language of a ſinner to his God
Pronounc'd in zeal impedes the powerful Rod
From laſhing him, oh Lord, I truly know
Thy Rod is kindneſs rightly us'd, not woe;
Witneſs thy ſervant who (thrice happy) ſtood
Aſſured that affliction was his good;
And ſince 'twas ſo, oh give me grace to ſee
Being good for him, it muſt be good for me;
Affliction, like good Phyſick, muſt be ſure,
To make us ſick, before it makes a Cure;
Oh happy's, he that this grand truth can tell
He's truly ſick indeed, in being well:
Affliction's no diſgrace, 'tis but a ſign
That all the graces joyntly do combine
T'adminiſter the freeneſs of their will,
To part the grieved Patient and his ill;
And thus th' inclining graces gently ſtrive
To keep th' impatient patient ſtill alive,
That ſo he may with bounty give the Fee
Of humble thanks to him that ſet him free;

Sup-

Suppose thou wert impris'ned with the Gout;
So tortur'd that thou couldst not go about
Thy necessary business; wouldst thou be
Ungrateful to that hand that set thee free?
Consider; wouldst thou? nay, consider well,
Think once again, and having thought, then tell;
Tell what thou think'st; methinks I hear thee say
Heav'n bless that hand that took my grief away;
He heal'd me, shall not gratefull I, advance
My Thoughts, and sing forth my deliverance;
Oh give me *Davids* Harp, and *Davids* Heart
Then will I sing his praise in every part,
That so at last I gravely may express
Full *Diapasons* of my happiness;
And when his mercies I have truely found
I'le run Division on a pleasant ground;
I le tune my self to such a perfect strain
That every Note shall ravish every brain,
That were old *Orpheus* living he should say
His Musick was but discord to my *laye*:
Needs must that song be ravishing and true
When Heav'n makes th' Musick, and Musician too;
Oh let me be well founded with desire,
And thou wilt play most sweetly on thy Lyre;
Thy sacred fingers will touch every string
With such perfection, that whilst Angels sing
Man shall admire in Raptures, and proclaim
Perpetual Hallelujahs to thy Name.

FINIS.